

A Fireside Chat

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A Fireside Chat

> <meta name="GENERATOR"> Fireside Chat _**Disclaimer:** Attention, all personnel: I don't own Digimon. I also do not own Sailor Moon and the characters of the Outer Scouts. This takes place about a year after Digimon 02 starts, so Sora would be 15 and Mimi would be 14. That is all._

**Author's Note:** This is the first yuri fic that I have ever written. For the uneducated, yuri means a girl/girl relationship. Due to the young ages of the couple hinted at in the fic, nothing physical will be going on between them. If you are free enough of mind to read this and not flame it, I congratulate you. If you are prejudiced enough that this story doesn't fit into the little categories you have put the world in, then get off the Story Train here. If you have the desire to flame me for what I've written, go ahead and e-mail me at iap64@aol.com. I could use a good laugh.

****Fireside Chat****

****By Iapetus****

It was six-thirty in the morning in Juuban, Japan as Sora Takenouchi quietly slipped out of her house and started the long walk to Mugen Gakuen Academy. Smiling, she straightened the blue collar of her shirt. It was only her second month attending Mugen Gakuen, but she was enjoying it very much.

She'd been as surprised as her mother when the letter came saying that she'd been accepted into Mugen Gakuen after her first year of junior high school. Mugen Gakuen was one of the best schools in

Tokyo, possibly in all of Japan. All of her friends had been proud of her, even though it meant that, in order for Sora to go, the Takenouchis had to move.

The move took them to the Juuban district of Tokyo, a far cry from Odaiba. Still, she wasn't as far away as some. _Mimi, why did you leave? _Sora sent to the sky. Mimi Tachikawa, the child of Sincerity, had moved to America a few years ago. The last time any of the Digidestined had seen her, she was dressed in American-style clothing and had dyed her hair pink.

As they often did during the walk to Mugen Gakuen, Sora's thoughts drifted to the pink-haired teenager. She found herself thinking about Mimi a lot. Being the two oldest girls of the Digidestined, they had been extremely close. There were certain things they just couldn't tell the boys, and both were grateful for a little girl talk now and then.

Sora pulled a picture out of her bookbag pocket. It was a snapshot of the two of them taken the last time Mimi had come back to Japan. Kari had taken it when the Digidestined had gone to Odaiba Park on a picnic together. Mimi had her arm slung around Sora's shoulder, and the wind was blowing through her hair.

_God, she's beautiful, _Sora thought, staring at the photograph. _And not just on the outside, either. She's got such a huge heart, and she cares about everybody. Wait a sec, what am I thinking? This is MIMI! I can't like her in...THAT...way, can I?_ This wasn't the first time that Sora had wrestled with this question. It had hit her many a time, often at night when she was trying to sleep. Still, Sora was rather reluctant to put the picture away. And she even thought that she could hear Mimi's musical laughter somewhere...

"Sora! Hey, Sora wait for me!" Sora turned around to see a girl with short black hair running behind her, dressed in the same Mugen Gakuen uniform as she. Sora slowed her pace, allowing the other girl to catch up. "Thanks. So why so pensive? I've been calling you for the last five minutes."

"Oh. Sorry, Hotaru-chan," Sora replied. "I was thinking about...a problem."

"You wanna talk about it?" Hotaru asked. Ever since Sora had transferred to Mugen Gakuen, the two girls had been pretty good friends. A feat which was remarkable for the school considering Hotaru's reputation for being 'weird' and 'strange' at the school.

"No. It's- you'd think it was dumb," Sora said.

"Try me."

Sora sighed. "Well, I have this...friend. And my friend, well, she likes somebody but it's not somebody you'd expect her to like. It's someone...different."

Hotaru shrugged. "So? What's the problem?"

"I-I mean, my friend doesn't know if it's right to like this person," Sora answered. "And she isn't sure how to tell this person that she

likes...her."

"Her?" Hotaru echoed.

"Yeah," Sora confirmed. "The 'friend' is me. You remember me telling you about my friend Mimi? The one who moved to America?"

Hotaru nodded. "The one who died her hair pink?" She'd seen pictures of Mimi before and was reminded of another, younger pink-haired girl that she knew well.

"Yeah, that's her," Sora replied. "Well, I like her. As in like like her, the way that guys are supposed to like girls and girls are supposed to like guys. And, well...I'm just kinda confused!"

Hotaru grinned. "You know, Sora-chan," she said "I think you need to talk to someone about this, someone who would understand. And I know just the person."

"Who?" Sora asked.

"You'll see," Hotaru replied. She then took Sora by the hand. "Now come on! We're going to be late, and I don't want to end up like Usagi-chan." Sora laughed, hurrying after Hotaru. She'd heard enough stories about Hotaru's friend Usagi Tsukino to scare her into getting to school early for the rest of her school career.

* * *

Throughout the school day Sora found it hard to concentrate on her schoolwork. Her thoughts were divided between those of Mimi and wondering who the friend was that Hotaru wanted her to talk to. After what seemed like an eternity the final bell rang and students exited the building. Sora stepped outside, looking for Hotaru.

"Sora-chan, over here!" Sora turned to see Hotaru standing by a red convertible. A young man with short blonde hair was sitting in the driver's seat. Sora walked over. "Sora, I'd like to introduce you to my friend Haruka Ten'ou. Haruka, this is Sora Takenouchi."

"Nice to meet you, Sora," Haruka said, extending his hand towards her. Sora shook it shyly.

"Well, get in girls. We don't want Michiru and Setsuna to think we got lost."

"Or attacked by a daimon," Hotaru giggled. She stopped when she caught Haruka's severe look. Sora stood outside the car, looking at it uncertainly. "Is something wrong, Sora-chan?"

"I thought you wanted me to talk to someone," Sora said.

Hotaru nodded. "Yeah, but she's at my house. You have to come with us."

"But what'll I tell my mom?" Sora asked.

"You can call her when we get there," Haruka replied. "Now are you getting in, or are you going to find alternate transportation?" Sighing, Sora climbed into the back seat of the convertible. Haruka

smiled and drove off. During the drive Sora noticed a long-sleeved maroon jacket laying on the back seat beside her.

"I didn't know you attended Mugen Gakuen, Haruka-san," Sora spoke up.

Haruka smiled. "I'll be graduating at the end of the year. After that I'll probably be racing professionally."

Sora's eyes widened. "You drive race cars?" Haruka nodded. "Wow." The trip lasted a little while longer, and soon Haruka was pulling up outside a white beach house. Hotaru hopped out of the car and ran inside. Haruka got out, walked to Sora's side of the car and opened the door for her. "Thanks," she replied.

That's when Sora got her first surprise of the hour. When she'd first met Haruka, she thought he was a guy. But now she could clearly see that Haruka was female. Before Sora could say anything the door to the house opened and an attractive woman came out. She had aquamarine hair that fell in waves to her shoulders, and she was also dressed in the Mugen Gakuen uniform.

"Hello," she greeted Sora. "You must be the friend that Hotaru's always telling us about."

Sora nodded. "I'm Sora Takenouchi," she confirmed. _Wow, she's beautiful. But she's got nothing on Mimi. Damn, there I go again!_

"I'm Michiru Kaiou, Haruka's partner," the woman introduced herself. Sora blinked in confusion. To complicate matters Haruka walked up to Michiru and wrapped her arm around her waist, pecking her on the cheek.

"You-you mean you and Haruka are...going out?" Sora finally said.

"We've been together a long time now," Haruka confirmed.

"This is who I wanted you to talk to, Sora-chan," Hotaru said, coming out of the house. She had changed out of her uniform and into a tee shirt and jeans. "Actually, both of them. Since you were so confused about your thoughts about Mimi, I thought Haruka-papa and Michiru-mama could help you."

"'Haruka-papa? Michiru-mama?' Why do you call them that, Hotaru-chan?" Sora asked.

"We've been taking care of Hotaru for a long time since her father is...unable to do so," Haruka replied, unwilling to say the real reason that they were caring for Hotaru. The blonde then turned to her young charge. "Why don't you go with Setsuna for some ice cream or something? I think the three of us should be alone for a while." She gestured to where a tall, green-haired woman was standing by her own car. Setsuna caught Sora's eye and waved.

"Okay," Hotaru said, running over to Setsuna and getting in the car. The two of them drove off, leaving Haruka, Michiru and Sora by themselves.

"Well," Michiru said, wrapping her arms around herself and shivering a little. "It's getting a little chilly out here. Why don't we go inside?" Shrugging, Sora followed the two women inside the house.

* * *

"So, Sora," Michiru began, pouring the younger girl a cup of tea "what do you want to talk about?" The trio was sitting in the living room beside the fireplace. Haruka and Michiru were sitting beside each other on one sofa, and Sora sat across from them in the other.

Sora took a cautious sip of her tea, and shrugged. "I don't know. How did you two meet each other?" The two of them looked at each other, smiling fondly.

"Well, I first met Haruka at a professional race," Michiru answered. "She won the race, and I asked for her autograph. The two of us started talking and we found out we had a lot of things in common. When I left, I didn't think I'd see her again."

"Then the next day we bumped into each other at Mugen Gakuen," Haruka continued. "Neither one of us thought that we attended the same school."

"Wait," Sora broke in. She looked at Michiru. "I didn't know you went to Mugen. How come I've never seen you around before."

"I graduated early," Michiru answered. "I had enough credits." Sora nodded, and for a few moments there was a lull in the conversation. "Isn't there anything else you'd like to ask, Sora?" Michiru asked gently.

"How did you know?" Sora asked, looking at Haruka. "How did you know that Michiru was the person that you belonged with?" She turned to Michiru. "How did you know that Haruka was your-your soulmate?"

"From the moment I first saw Haruka in that first race," Michiru replied. "I wanted to sit in the passenger seat of the car, to be with her as she drove along the coastline, fast as the wind."

Haruka smiled at her partner. "Michiru is a violinist," she answered. "During one concert, she played a song that she had composed just for me. I had always admired her but from that moment I knew that she and I were destined to be together."

Sora nodded, taking all this in. "What about, you know. What other people think of your relationship? How do your friends react?"

"Our friends are very understanding and supportive," Michiru said. "If we weren't together, they'd probably think that something was wrong."

"As for total strangers?" Haruka added "They have their own opinions, and they can keep them. Michiru and I just don't care. Now, Hotaru told us you had a picture of your friend?" Sora nodded and pulled out the photograph of Mimi and herself.

"That's Mimi right there," she said, indicating the correct girl in the snapshot. Michiru took the picture and both she and Haruka bent over it.

Haruka smiled at Michiru. "Does she remind you of a certain Small Lady?" she murmured to Michiru. Michiru merely smiled at Haruka, nudging her in the side as she returned the picture to Sora.

"She is a very pretty young lady," the violinist observed. "The two of you look very at ease with each other."

Haruka nodded in agreement. "Take my advice, Sora, and tell Mimi how you feel as soon as you can. You can't take the chance of losing her to someone else, not if you really love her."

"I-I don't know," Sora sighed. "I don't know how to tell her, or how she'll react. Will she laugh in my face, or will she hang up on me and never talk to me again? Or what if she feels the same way I do?"

"You won't know that until you call and tell her, Sora," Michiru answered, placing a hand on Sora's shoulder. "I know you're nervous. Everyone gets nervous when they tell someone they care for how they feel, no matter who it is. And just tell her what's in your heart, Sora. Say what it tells you."

"But," Sora pointed out "we're both so young. I'm fifteen, and she just turned fourteen a couple months ago! Don't you think we're kind of young to have a relationship like this? With anyone, not just each other?"

Haruka nodded slowly. "True. But your love is just budding, Sora. It will take time for it to grow. But take my advice, and don't try to rush things. Just let the relationship go on its course. And remember: the two most important people who should know about this are Mimi and yourself. That's all that matters."

Just then they heard the slamming of car doors, and soon Setsuna and Hotaru were walking inside. Sora looked out the window and noticed that the sun was setting. Her watch read "5:30."

"You're not gone yet?" Hotaru asked in mock-surprise, folding her arms across her chest. "It's almost six o'clock."

"Your mother is probably wondering where you're at," Setsuna added. Haruka stood up, laughing.

"All right, you two. We get the point," she said. "Enough girl-talk. Come on, Sora. I'll drive you home." Sora nodded and got up as well. She said good-bye to Michiru, Hotaru and Setsuna, then followed Haruka to her car. The drive to the Takenouchi house took a little over twenty minutes, giving Sora plenty of time to think.

Haruka and Michiru are right, she said to herself. _I should tell Mimi how I feel. After all, what have I got to lose? I'll feel a lot better._

"Well, here we are," Haruka announced as she pulled into the driveway. The two of them could see Mrs. Takenouchi standing in the doorway. "Home sweet home. Just remember what we talked about Sora.

And if you ever need anymore advice, our phone number is the same as Hotaru's."

"Thanks, Haruka-san," Sora said, pulling her bookbag out of the car. "Tell Hotaru I'll see her in school tomorrow." Haruka nodded and waited to pull out until Sora had climbed the steps to the front door.

Mrs. Takenouchi looked at her only daughter. "Who was that?" she asked Sora curiously.

"Oh, that was Haruka," Sora answered, waving as Haruka drove down the street and out of sight. "She's a friend of Hotaru's, and now I guess she's a friend of mine as well."

"Good," her mother said. "I'm glad that you're making new friends already. Now, why don't you come help me with dinner?" The two of them walked into the house together.

After supper Sora was in her bedroom. Her homework was set out in front of her, her computer was displaying its 'Aquatic Life' screen saver and a Three Lights CD was currently playing in Sora's stereo. But instead of her homework, Sora was drawing the crest symbols of Love and Sincerity in the margins of her notebook.

"Oh, I'm getting nowhere," she sighed to herself. She hit the pause button on the stereo and dialed Mimi's number. _Now or never, girl,_ Sora told herself.

Almost half a world away, Mimi Tachikawa's phone rang. She turned off her Backstreet Boys CD and picked it up. "Hello?"

Sora licked her dry lips. "Hi, Mimi?"

"Sora!" Mimi practically screamed. "Well, this is a surprise! I was expecting it to be Tim!"

"Tim?" Sora felt her mouth go dry. Was she too late already?

Mimi made a noise of disgust. "Yeah. He's a real nerd, and he's in my study group in algebra. I mean, this guy makes Izzy look cool! Anyway, he's always after me to go to a movie with him or something. I'm thinking of getting that Caller ID thing so I can screen my calls." Both girls giggled. "So, Sora. What's up?"

Sora took a deep breath. "Well Mimi, I called to tell you something. It's very important," Sora replied. "And I hope that, after I tell you, whatever happens we'll still be friends."

"Of course we'll still be friends Sora," Mimi said, sounding somewhat offended. "What makes you think we wouldn't? Now, what was it you wanted to tell me?"

Sora swallowed hard. "I love you, Mimi. I have since the day when we went up to the Tokyo Tower while we were looking for the Eighth digidestined. Just before SkullMeramon attacked. I saw you standing by the window. The sun was shining, and the breeze from the air conditioner was blowing through your hair. You were the most beautiful thing I've ever seen. I love you."

For a long time there was just silence on Mimi's end of the line. Sora began to fear the worst. Had she scared Mimi off? Did this mean that Mimi didn't feel the same way she did? Sora knew that Mimi hadn't hung up on her; there was no dial tone.

Finally, Mimi answered Sora's declaration. "It's about time, Sora Takenouchi! Do you know how close I was to calling you and saying the same thing?"

"Huh?" Sora got out.

"Sora, I knew you were the one for me ever since Myotismon captured us both," Mimi said. "You came up with the idea to defeat the Bakemon, and you saved Lillymon before Myotismon could kill her. You're the bravest, most caring person I know Sora Takenouchi, and I love you too."

"You-you mean it?" Sora asked hopefully.

"Definitely," Mimi affirmed. Both girls laughed out of relief that they had gotten their burdens off their chests. Then Mimi asked, "Sora, what do we do about it? I mean, you're fifteen and I'm fourteen. It's not like we can go public with this or anything. We're just kids, still."

"I know," Sora agreed. "When we're older we'll be able to show it more openly. But at least now the two most important people know about it. You and me. That's all that matters."

"You're right," Mimi said. "How did you get to be so smart about things like this?" Sora smiled for a moment, picturing the interior of Michiru and Haruka's house. The two of them would probably be sitting on the couch together, Haruka with her arm slung around Michiru's shoulders and Michiru leaning her head against Haruka's shoulder.

"Some friends helped me see the light," she answered at last. _Thanks Haruka-san, Michiru-san. Thanks for pointing my heart in the right direction._

End
file.